I visited the studio of Meissonier. I stood in the crowd that collected round Rosa Bonheur's " Horse Fair," which was in the Salon that year. I grew dead sick of the endless galleries of the Louvre. I went to the Madeleine at Easter time, all purple and white lilies, and fainted from trying to imagine ecstasy when the Host was raised. . . I never fainted again in my life, except once from *anger,* when I heard some friends whom I loved slandering another friend whom I loved more.

Good-bye to Paris and back to London, where I began acting again with only half my heart. I did very well, they said, as Helen in " The Hunchback," the first part I played after my return; but I cared nothing about my success. I was feeling wretchedly ill, and angry, too, because they insisted on putting my married name on the bills.

After playing with Kate at Bristol and at the Adelphi in London, I accepted an engagement to appear in a new play by Tom Taylor, called " The Antipodes." It was a bad play, and I had a bad part, but Telbin's scenery was lovely. Telbin was a poet, and he has handed on much of his talent to his son, who is alive now, and painted most of our Faust scenery at the Lyceum—he and dear Mr, Hawes Craven, who so loved his garden and could paint the flicker of golden sunshine for the stage better than any one. I have always been friendly with the scene-painters, perhaps because I have always taken pains about my dresses, and consulted them beforehand about the colour, so that I should not look wrong in their

scenes, nor their scenes wrong with iny dresses.

Telbin and Albert Moore together did up the New Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, which was opened in October 1867, under the ostensible management of the Alfred Wigans. I say fl ostensible," because Mr. Labouchere had something to do with it, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, whom he after-